

# THE WEEKLY UNION TIMES.

Devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Economy, Polite Literature, Politics, and the Current News of the Day.

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## JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks; They best all the aunts in creation, They let a chap do as he likes, And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it all, What a poor fellow ever could do, For apples, and pines, and oaks, Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma's," To let a boy have a good time, Sometimes they will whisper, "tis true, 'Tother way, when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea, And pies, a whole row, in the cellar, And they are apt (if they know it in time) To make chicken pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then, And makes a great racketing noise, They only look over their specks, And say, "Ah, those boys will be boys."

"Life is only so short at the best, Let the children have thy toy-day," Then look for while at the sky, And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on, Grandmothers sing hymns very low To themselves as they rock by the fire, About Heaven, and when they shall go.

And then, a boy stopping to think, Will find a hot tear in his eye, To know what will come at the last, For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray, For a boy needs their prayers every night; Some boys more than others, I s'pose; Such as I need a wonderful sight.

For the Union Times, Idle Moments in an Old Library, NO. 19.

Dr. LEMUEL B. ASKEW lived on the lot now occupied by Maj. McLure, in 1814, 1815, 1818, 1819, 1820 and 1824, he seems to have an applicant at the old library for books. From his Record he was certainly not much of a reader.

Dr. Askew was an eccentric man, honest in his convictions, stubborn in his prejudices, reticent in his disposition without much social feelings about him. He was one of those wise looking men like Uncle Billy in the Georgia Scenes, who never hazarded an opinion which compromised his judgment. He was a kind neighbor, devoted in his friendships and cautious in the expression of his opinions. He never had much reputation as a physician. His record speaks for itself.

Medical Extracts, Encyclopedia, Sherlock on Death, American Revolution, Buffon's Natural History, &c.

HENRY BERNHARD. Henry Bernhard was a portly, fine looking man, one who enjoyed life and troubled himself very little about what might turn up in the future. He lived in the house now occupied by Mr. Moore—the upper part being used as the "Dwelling House," the lower part as a store-room.

Mr. Bernhard was in partnership with the late Clough S. Sims—Sims finding most of the capital and Bernhard the business qualifications. After a few years of apparently prosperous business, Mr. Sims found out that the funds had been applied to other purposes than the payment of the firm's indebtedness and that he was left to foot the bill.

We don't know what became of Bernhard. He does not seem to have cared much for books. Very light reading constituted his pastime.

An Insurance Bombshell. A convention of Insurance Commissioners and Superintendents was held in New York last week. We learn from the New York papers that the harmony of the body was unpleasantly disturbed by Commissioner JOHN A. FINCH, of Indiana, who quietly dropped the biggest kind of a bombshell plump into the midst of the body. The order of the day was the delivery of addresses. When Mr. Finch's turn came he made a compact, logical argument, intended to show his colleagues the errors under which the whole system of life insurance has been laboring for many years past. He contended that the contract for life insurance is the most one-sided known in business; that it binds the policy holders as with a chain of riveted steel, and the company as with a rope of sand; that the companies have every advantage of the policy holder in regard to payments of dividends, the satisfaction of claims, the elections of agents and solicitors; that the responsibility for contracts is shifted from solicitor to general agents, from general agents to the companies, and from the companies back again; that the companies "sit in a mystery and speak in technical phrases," and that when a policy is forfeited or lapses from any cause, "the holder receives what the company graciously will give."

This, remarks the Brooklyn Argus, is a stern indictment, striking at the root of the present system of conducting the life insurance business. By way of remedy, Mr. Finch proposes the passage of a new general law, which shall make all life policies non-forfeitable after the first payment, compel the companies to be responsible for the acts of their agents and solicitors; permit no defense at law for fraud in applications after the lapse of five years, and make a contract between company and holder as binding as any other contract. This proposition is sufficiently sweeping to stir the whole life insurance interest to its foundations. It will please the great mass of people who are policy holders—and it will displease a good many of the companies who have figured conspicuously in the law courts in contests over claims. But, considering the fact that there are in the State of New York alone more than 800,000 holders of life policies in the different grades, and the additional facts that this vast army of the prudent are insured to the amount of \$2,000,000,000, the new departure suggested by the Indiana Commissioner becomes at once a subject of popular interest. The bold defense of the policy holders will naturally make Mr. Finch the leader in a new agitation. The companies will be heard in due time.—Chronicle and Sentinel.

JUDON LYON AT WORK.—New Orleans October 15.—The following telegram was received by the Governor last night:

BATON ROUGE, October 14. Governor Antonio, New Orleans: John Gay was arrested here yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Woodward, charged as an accessory in the poisoning of Dr. J. W. Sanders. He was taken by a deputy Sheriff and posse towards Clinton. Reports received here say John Gay was shot to death on the road, and his sister-in-law hung in the court house square there. Mrs. Gay is here, and is not disturbed.

HENRY SCHORTER, Mayor.

## FOREIGN CATTLE HAVE LONG HORNS.

Mr. Editor:—A good deal of space has been devoted in our Agricultural journals of late to maximum crops. People are always very much taken by statements of crops at a distance, while in their own county perhaps they could find cases quite worthy of study.

In tumbling over some old papers a few days ago I came across the enclosed Report of Dr. Ray, of Richland, one of the best planters of his day, and one of the cleverest fellows and staunchest patriots that buckled on his sword in the Confederate service. You will doubtless recognize the typographical features:

DR. D. W. RAY'S REPORT. Mr. Editor:—Will you do me the kindness to publish the result of Dr. Ray's planting operations in 1860, as submitted to the State Agricultural Society? Dr. Ray cultivates one of the poorest plantations in the Fork, (Richland), but he has demonstrated, satisfactorily to himself and his neighbors, that by the liberal application of Guano, Gypsum and barn-yard fertilizers, he can secure maximum crops, and that the land does not deteriorate under their use.

The soil is sandy, with a yellowish clay subsoil. There must be some peculiarity in this soil, which secures uniformity in results, for in all our experience we have not been able to attain anything like certainty from the use of Guano. Its beneficial effects seem to have been established throughout that flat, sandy region below Columbia, resting upon a cold clay subsoil; and the soils in the back country which have (economically) responded to its application, have been, as far as we can learn, of this character. We have heard of very few successful experiments upon the clay lands in the up-country.

TO DR. D. W. RAY, OF RICHLAND. For the best 10 acres cotton 17,883 lbs. S. P. \$40 " " " 9,489 " " 30 " " " 4,972 " " 20 " " " 3,077 " " 10

For the largest net yield per hand of the entire crop—Silver Pitcher 30 STATEMENT.

Bales cotton averaging 400 lbs. 436 Bushels corn 6,775 Bushels wheat 440 Bushels sweet potatoes 2,000 Molasses (China sugar cane) Gals. 1,150 Peas on 280 acres, to fatten stock, furnish seed for next year, and food for milk cows during the winter.

Porkers slaughtered, averaging 186 lbs. net 51 Number of hands worked 50 Tons of Guano, Peruvian, applied 80 " " " 120

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SOIL. The surface soil embraces three kinds: No. 1, light sandy. No. 2, middling sandy. No. 3, clay—not stiff, however, but considerably stiffer than No. 2. The subsoil of No. 1, yellow clay, with about 80 per cent. of sand; of No. 2, clay, with 60 per cent. of sand, and of No. 3, about 40 per cent. of sand. The average yield per acre, before using the manure, were about 400 lbs. cotton in the seed, and from 6 to 12 bushels corn.

PREPARATION AND CULTIVATION. The land is broken up with narrow, half-shovel plows, as deep as one mule can conveniently do it. Then the rows are laid off with a shovel plow, making a deep furrow—sometimes two furrows are run to insure its being deep. In this furrow the manure is put—compost, guano, and gypsum, &c., all together. Upon this furrow lap furrow, and re-lap furrow, until the bed is completed. The seed is then planted in chops made by a narrow hoe, and covered with a drag.

PROPORTIONAL MIXTURE OF MANURE FOR THE GENERAL CROPS. 100 lbs. Peruvian Guano, per acre. 50 lbs. Gypsum, per acre. 50 lbs. salt, per acre.

A full proportion of salt was not used in the crop of this year, because it was not received in time to apply it.

MODE OF CULTURE OF THE PRIZE ACRES. The one acre plot was planted on the 8th of April, in rows 3 1/2 feet apart, and in chops 18 inches apart. Manures applied—90 bushels compost, 30 bushels cotton seed, 120 lbs. Peruvian guano, and 60 lbs. gypsum, put in the drill, and left furrowed as above stated. 1st working, shaved down; 2d, scraped down; 3d, scraped down again; 4th, middles plowed out with scraper plow, and drawn up with hoe; 5th shaved down again; 6th, 7th and 8th, middles plowed out and drawn up again.

The two acre plot was planted 25th of April, in rows 3 1/2 feet apart, chops 13 inches apart, 1 stalk to the chop. Manures applied—120 bushels compost, 145 bushels cotton seed, 240 lbs. Peruvian guano, 120 lbs. gypsum. Cultivation just the same as the one acre plot.

The five acre plot was planted in rows 3 feet 3 inches apart, and in chops 13 inches apart, one stalk to the chop. Manures applied—150 bushels compost, (per acre) 120 lbs. Peruvian guano, 60 lbs. gypsum, and 20 lbs. salt. First shaved down, then plowed out, and drawn up three times.

The ten acre plot was manured in the same way, planted in the same way, and cultivated in the same way, in every particular.

DR. RAY attaches the greatest importance to a good stand. It is in vain to expect a maximum crop without having the requisite number of plants upon the ground; and he has been able to secure this by no process so uniformly as by planting in the chops.

AREA IN CULTIVATION. Acres in cotton 681 " " corn and peas 315 " " wheat 102 " " potatoes 18 " " plunders 16 " " sugar cane 21

Deducting the wheat, as usually done, the

average per hand would be a fraction over twenty acres.

COST OF FERTILIZERS. 30 tons Peruvian Guano, delivered.....\$2084 00 10 " " Elide Guano..... 528 00 30 " " Gypsum..... 800 00 100 Sacks Salt..... 85 00

VALUE OF THE CROPS. 436 bales cotton—\$40 per bale.....\$17,440 00 5,775 bushels corn—\$1 per bushel 5,775 00 440 " wheat—\$1 " 440 00 2,000 " sweet potatoes—50c. 1,000 00 1,150 gals. molasses—40c. 460 00 51 hogs—75c net..... 711 44

\$25,988 45

It is not necessary to make any comments upon the results of Dr. Ray's success in planting has been the result of good management, and the liberal use of good fertilizers, and not, as has been stated, by the cultivation of a large area to the hand.

R. J. GAGE, Sec'y.

A BITTER RADICAL.—The Washington correspondent of the Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel writes:

Decidedly the bitterest Radical in Washington is a man of the name of Murtagh, the pimp of Shepherd and Grant, who runs that filthy sheet, the National Republican. His paper is daily filled with malicious lies against the good people of the South, and so frequently has he misrepresented the South, that scarcely a decent man can be found who will read his paper. The Republican thrives upon this abuse, as it gives Murtagh a carte blanche to the Treasury, where he draws freely and often to keep his paper alive.

He was recently allowed to swindle the Washingtonians out of \$96,000, and now claims \$40,000 more out of the Government for printing alleged to have been done in 1868 and '69. He hates the English worse than sin, and is in constant warfare with Jenkins, of the New York Times, who hails from Albion. Jenkins gets the better of him invariably, as Murtagh's armor being vulnerable he invites attack. He repairs to Shepherd's mansion nightly, and obtains points for the next day's issue of his paper. The paper is owned mutually by Murtagh, Shepherd and Grant, and Shepherd virtually runs the concern. Grant is so completely in the power of the "ring" that his "pals" never consult him at all, unless they want some confederate silenced by a fat appointment. This man Murtagh holds pews in six different churches for influence, and occupies them alternately. What astonishes me most is that Murtagh and other bums have their pews immediately around Grant's.

Observed of all observers. But this is an old trick of the Christian statesmen, and I am informed that even down in South Carolina the saintly Whittemore is a devout church-goer, and responds as lustily as though he had never sold a cat-skin.

ONE WAY TO STOP COTTON STEALING.—We learn from reliable parties who visited the spot, that on Saturday night last a band of disguised men went to a storehouse of Mr. Robert J. Smith, at Cool Springs, in this county, and awakening Mr. Willie Smith, the clerk, ordered him to remove the books and papers of his employer, and his own personal effects, as they intended to fire the house. They then inquired for the barrel of kerosene, and after assisting him to remove his trunk and the books of the store, they saturated the building with oil and applied the torch, and the house and all it contained was soon a pile of ashes. The house was the property of the late Willis Allen. Mr. Smith was constructing a two-story building across the road from the one he occupied, which was fired by the disguised men, and was also consumed.

There was also five bales of cotton outside the storehouse, which the clerk begged permission to remove, but was sternly refused, and it shared the fate of the storehouse.—A scrupulous regard for the property of persons not connected with the store was observable. They carefully removed to a place of safety the tool chest of Mr. O. G. McCoy, and a cage and bird belonging to the clerk. The loss is estimated at about \$6,000; no insurance.—Freinton (Ga.) Southron.

MELLOW SOIL ABOUT TREES.—Unless the surface of the ground is mulched around young trees over an area of six to ten feet in diameter, the ground should be kept clean and mellow. Every farmer knows that a hill of corn or potatoes will not amount to much unless cultivated, and yet there are many who will neglect to give the same care to a tree which is worth a hundred hills of the former. In rich soil, trees may grow rapidly without cultivation, and no amount of grass or weeds will retard them; but there are other things to be looked after. If the weeds and grass are allowed to grow up around the stems of apple, peach or quince trees, the bark will become soft near their base by being shaded thereby by a suitable condition for the reception of the eggs which will eventually become peach or apple borers. Take any dozen young apple trees in the sections where the apple borer is abundant, and allow a portion to be choked with weeds and the remainder well cultivated, and then watch the result. From our own experience, we believe that the chance are nine to one in favor of those cultivated being exempt from this pest.—West Farmer.

A good book and good woman are excellent things for those who know just how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

"What's all this talk about the currency and the five-twenties and the six-thirties that I hear about, Mike?" "Why, bliss your soul, don't ye know, Pat? It means that the Government wants to make the laborin' mite work from five-twenty in the mornin' till six-thirty in the evenin'."

## THE FAMOUS SIX HUNDRED.

Re-Union of the Survivors of the Charge at Balaklava—About the Men who Rode into "The Valley of Death."

The soldiers of the Light Cavalry Brigade, the men who rode into the "Valley of Death" on that fatal October morning one and twenty years ago, were invited to attend meeting last night to make arrangements for a dinner in celebration of the anniversary of the Balaklava charge. The trying place was the Prince of Wales Tavern, Villiers street, Strand, and the hour fixed for the muster was 9 o'clock, to enable those who were engaged in business to put in an appearance.

In consequence of the disagreeable drizzling rain, not so many came as were expected, but a respectable contingent, in every sense of the word, of war-worn veterans, answered to the roll-call all the same. Half, hearty men they were, the most of them; but, so portly of build, that they set one wondering what sort of light cavalry that must have been where the weight in the pig skin ran up to eighteen stone of living flesh in sundry instances. Jovial of manner and neat of address, they discussed the matter before them as one might have expected—in brief, soldierly, and most harmonious manner. It was agreed that a dinner should be solemnized in the Charing Cross Hotel—is not solemnized the correct word? for has not Charles Lever defined a dinner as a social sacrament—on the 25th of October, and it was stated that many officers who had helped to write one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals had promised to give the event the sanction of their presence. The greatest part of those in the room had belonged to the Eleventh Hussars, that distinguished corps having been principally recruited in London. One warrior had served his apprenticeship to arms under DeLacey Evans in Spain; another was remarkable as having borne the flag of truce to the Russian lines the day after Balaklava; a third was never tired of celebrating the *hauts faits* of his ancient captain, Sir Roger Palmer, who led the E. troop or the Eleventh into action, and did his slaughter with cold steel, having forgotten his revolver in the hurry to jump into the saddle. After the formal proceedings were over, there were some rare gossip over former campaigns, and the non-military observer was enabled to pick up some interesting reminiscences.

It is a curious circumstance that every man but one who won that supremest of all military distinctions, the Victoria Cross, in the magnificent mad ride, immortalized by the Light Division, who stood on the ground with his charger writhing in the death agony beside him. Trumpet-Major Crawford flashed by; his good steed stumbled, the rider was dismounted, and his naked sabre sent whirling out of his grasp. A pair of Cossacks saw their opportunity and spurred upon the defenceless Crawford but Parkes confronted them and kept them at bay. When the retreat came the two brave fellows followed their comrades, and were pursued by six Russians, but Parkes, with his single sword, held them at arm's length and retired slowly, fighting and defending the trumpet-major until deprived of his weapon by a shot. This is no rhodomontade, but plain facts, as recorded in the Gazette. Lieutenant Alexander Robert Dunn, of Cardigan's boys, was another hero of that day, fruitful in heroes. He saved the life of Sergt. Bentley, of his own corps, by cutting down two or three Russian troopers who were attacking him in the rear, and afterwards hewed to the chine a Russian Hussar who had fallen upon private Levett. This Dunn, it will be remembered, afterwards commanded the Thirty-third, being the youngest man of his rank in the army, and perished in the Abyssinian expedition. Riding-master Joseph Malone had his horse shot in the charge, but, properly speaking, his bit of glorious gun-metal was gained the day previous when he volunteered with three troopers, on the march to Balaklava, and captured an escort of the enemy's cavalry and the baggage they were conveying to Sebastopol. Troop Sergeant-Major John Berryman, of the old "Death's-head and Cross bones," the same sturdy cavalier who took prisoner three Russians while they were within reach of their own guns at McKenzie's farm, behaved splendidly at Balaklava. When his horse was shot under him he stopped in the field with Capt. Webb, who was wounded, amid a shower of shot and shell, and although repeatedly told by that officer to consult his own safety, and leave him, he refused to do so, and Sergeant John Barrell coming by, the two faithful fellows carried Capt. Webb out of the range of the guns. The courageous Irishman Farrell, who lost his horse like the majority of his plucky companions, and had gone near to losing his life, was awarded the coveted honor, but did not long survive to wear it. Charles Wooden now a quartermaster in the One Hundredth and Fourth foot, was another of the Seventeenth lancers who earned the cross on the 25th of October, 1854, and he, too, had his heroic kill in the wild melee. Assisted by Dr. Monatt, of the Inniskillen dragoons, he succeeded in carrying Major Morris, of his own regiment, who lay dreadfully wounded, to a place of safety. In chatty recollections such as these we have tried to pen and in tales of hair-breadth 'scapes in the hard days gone by, the time was pleasantly passed, and shortly before midnight the survivors of the "Six Hundred" separated, looking forward with joyous anticipation to a merry meeting on Balaklava Day.—London Standard.

Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patients? Because, when he goes to bed, somebody is sure to rap him up.

Mike no vovs to perform this or that. It shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.

A Kansas girl says nothing makes her so mad as to have a grasshopper crawl up and down her back just as her lover has come to the proposing point.

It is said that Brigham Young has acquired the title of general from having been called "Briggy dear" so often by his numerous wives.

## RUSSELL'S REVENGE.

A DOUBLE WEDDING AND A DOUBLE FUNERAL IN PENNSYLVANIA.

About five years ago William Russell, a farmer, living a few miles from Roseville, Pennsylvania, was left a widower, with one child. The care of the farmer's house then devolved upon his daughter Harriet, aged sixteen years. A girl named Mary Stokes, about the same age, was employed to aid in the household work. Miss Russell discovered that her father was paying attention of a lover to the girl. The former's daughter dismissed the Stokes girl from her situation in the family. When Russell learned of this proceeding he immediately brought the girl back, and told his daughter that she was to remain there as long as she chose.

The daughter thereupon left the house, and went to work several miles from the neighborhood. Mary Stokes finally returned, and a few days afterwards Miss Russell resumed her old position in her father's house.

Living in this village was a highly respected young carpenter named Horton Hurst. His father owned a farm adjoining that of the Russells. Some years ago a difficulty arose between the two farmers about the proper location of a line fence.—A long, bitter and expensive lawsuit followed. Farmer Hurst was finally successful in the suit, and died two years ago.

Russell hated the name of Hurst, and when, some three years since, he made the discovery that his daughter and the son of his old enemy had formed an attachment for each other, and were actually engaged to be married, he threatened to disown Harriet if she did not at once renounce the idea of wedding young Hurst. She made the sacrifice in obedience to her parent. About three months ago Russell astounded his daughter by telling her that he intended to soon marry the girl Mary Stokes, and bring her back to the farm-house. Harriet assured him that when he brought his wife home he would find his daughter gone.—Friday morning the old farmer, telling Harriet that he would return with his wife in the afternoon, drove toward the home of Mary Stokes. The daughter placed the house in readiness for the return of her father, and about noon started for Roseville. She left behind her, on the bureau in her room, the following letter addressed to her father:

DEAR FATHER:—I have always tried to be a dutiful daughter to you, but the act you intend to do to-day is more than I can submit to, as I have more than once told you. You choose a companion above me. I hope she will be as true to me as I have been to you.

Do not think I am writing this with a light heart, although in leaving the home of my childhood I go to find a home with one I have long loved and whose wife I expect to be in a few hours. God bless you, father, and good-by. Your once-loved daughter, HARRIET.

Upon reaching this village Miss Russell was met by Horton Hurst. They proceeded to the house of Mrs. William Filley, a sister of Hurst's, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon were married by Rev. Mr. Young, of the Methodist church. Afterwards they went in company with Mrs. Filley and a young gentleman, a friend of Hurst's, to the village tavern, where it had been arranged to take dinner. They were nearly through the repast, when the door of the dining room was burst in, and farmer Russell, pale with rage, and a singular glitter in his eye, sprang into the apartment. His daughter arose hastily and ran toward him with outstretched arms, but he threw her aside and sprang upon her husband.

"You scoundrel!" he exclaimed, "You set my daughter up to leave her home!" He grasped Hurst by the throat, but the young man threw him off and commenced backing toward the door. Russell seized a knife from the table, and getting between Hurst and the door, attempted to stab the young man. Hurst received the thrust in his arm, and seeing that the old man was bent on murder, drew a revolver and warned him to stand back. Russell did not heed the warning, and continued to make deadly lunges with the knife. Hurst received many of these in his arm and shoulder.—Hurst's sister escaped from the room during the melee, and the young man present seemed to be paralyzed with terror. At last Hurst pushed his assailant back from him and leveled the pistol at him. His wife at this instant sprang between the men just as the husband's pistol was discharged. The ball entered her brain, and she fell to the floor and expired without saying a word.

The report of the pistol brought a number of persons into the room. Hurst had fallen on his knees beside his wife's body, and after several times frantically appealing to her by name to look up and speak to him, he rose to his feet, and before a hand could be extended to prevent him, shot himself through the head, and he fell dead beside his wife. Russell seemed stricken dumb by the fearful scene, and was led from the room like a child.

As soon as the excitement that followed the news of the tragedy could be somewhat allayed, the bodies of the young married couple were removed to the residence of Mr. Filley, followed by hundreds of people. In the evening an inquest was held by James Powell, Justice of the Peace. Russell was arrested and held in \$2,000 to await the action of the grand jury. A verdict that Mrs. Harriet R. Hurst met her death by the accidental discharge of a pistol, and that Horton Hurst came to his death by his own hand while temporarily insane, was rendered.

"Is the Colonel here?" shouted a man, sticking his head into a Kansas City street car. "He is," answered thirteen men as they rose up.

A Kansas girl says nothing makes her so mad as to have a grasshopper crawl up and down her back just as her lover has come to the proposing point.

It is said that Brigham Young has acquired the title of general from having been called "Briggy dear" so often by his numerous wives.

## MELTON AND SMALLS.—It did seem

queer that so eminent a Reformer as Mr. Attorney-General Melton should have allowed a live mulatto Congressman, charged with fraud, to slip through his fingers; but it could be urged that his powerful mind was occupied in reviewing the Parker trial, and that he really thought the case was in good hands and needed no particular attention. A remorseless correspondent of the Columbia Register, Mr. Edwin F. Gary, cuts this ground from under our feet, and places the Attorney-General in a very ugly light—for a Reformer. Mr. Gary was the principal witness, for the State, against Congressman Smalls. On the morning of the trial, Reformer Melton (as Attorney-General) announced his withdrawal from the case. This left the case in the hands of Solicitor Runkle, who asked for a continuance, and said that the witnesses were not present. Although the case came over from a previous term, none of the witnesses had been summoned to appear. Judge Carpenter insisted that the trial should go on. Mr. Gary was examined, but no questions were put that would bring out the important facts that he knew, and what he wanted to tell he was prevented from telling. Result—the acquittal of Smalls. Cause—the withdrawal of Reformer Melton from the case. Had he remained in Court, he must, for his own sake, have conducted the prosecution vigorously. It was easier to withdraw and think of Judge Mackey and ex-Treasurer Parker. So Smalls escaped; Smalls, who is not a "dead duck" like Parker, but a popular Radical, a member of Congress, who carries a big slice of the vote of Beaufort County in his capacious pocket.—News and Courier.

Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, wrote as follows in a letter declining an invitation to attend the Georgia State Fair: "In five years from this time the census will show our numbers to be more than fifty millions. The day, then, is dawning when the lands of the South will be greatly lifted up in value. I have given much time and thought to the agricultural condition of the United States. I have traveled extensively, and I have examined with care into the industrial interests of all sections, and I am confident that hereafter the South will get a large and growing share of those who are seeking new homes either from Europe or from the older States of the Union. This flood-tide will bear with it wealth and varied industries. I pray for the day when the South shall be as populous and as prosperous as the North."

These are the words of a statesman, and should be pondered by the people of the North leagued with the Radicals for purposes inimical to our welfare and well-doing.

A VETERAN RE-UNION.—ELIZABETH, N. J., October 19.—The Veteran Union here to-day surpassed anything ever seen in this city. At Waverly Gens. Kilpatrick, Prior, Halstead and Seigel, and Capt. Edwards, Confederate, and Capt. Ropes delivered addresses, and there were recitations of music, &c. Returning from Waverly, they were witnessed by ten thousand citizens. The whole city was ablaze with lime lights, torches, fire-works and transparencies. The line marched through Broad street and counter-marched to the Sheridan House, where there was a large display of fireworks, and addresses were delivered from the balcony by Capt. Edwards, Gen. Halstead, Capt. Townsend and Rev. Mr. Kieffer. A grand supper and entertainment was given to the invited guests at Sheridan House to-night.

A MAN'S HEAD BLOWN OFF.—MEMPHIS, October 21.—Dr. Ballard, formerly of Texas, residing near Marion, Arkansas, while riding with a lady yesterday afternoon, was waylaid and shot by a man named Andrews, who fired one barrel of a shot gun at the doctor, the charge taking effect in his neck and face and knocked him off his horse. After falling, Ballard asked Andrews to raise him up, which he did, in a sitting posture, and then placing the gun near his head discharged the other barrel, literally blowing Ballard's head off. Andrews then went to Marion and surrendered himself to the authorities. Andrews had been employed by Ballard a few days before. Ballard was represented as having been a violent man, and had on Sunday last waylaid and shot his wife's nephew, Andrew Frazer.

FIVE GRADES OF OATS.—NEW YORK, October 20.—The Committee on Grain of the New York Produce Exchange has decided to establish five grades of oats—white, high mixed, No. 2, No. 3 and no grade. White oats shall be bright, sound, clean, free from other grain, and shall weigh not less than thirty-two pounds to the measured bushel; high mixed oats shall be two-thirds white, and equal to No. 2 in all other respects; No. 2 oats shall be sound, reasonably clean, and reasonably free from other grain; No. 3 oats shall be fit for warehouse, otherwise unequal to No. 2; no grade shall include all oats damp, unsound, dirty or from any other cause unfit for No. 3. The committee will proceed at once to establish grades for corn, wheat and other grains.

The Barnwell County Tax Union meets on sales-day in November. At the meeting delegates to the State Union, to meet during the same month, are to be elected.

We should like to see this body revived. Are other counties moving in the matter? The Tax Union can do much if it will take hold of things in earnest. But unless it does that, it had better not meet at all.